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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

GOOD-NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are sweet young voices stealing
Softly on the evening air,
Little, graceful forms are kneeling,
Little hands are clasped in prayer;
Pure white lids are gently folded
O'er the blue eyes wild and bright,
Little, happy, lovely children
Bidding earth a glad Good-Night.

Now beneath the weight of slumber,
Like the dew-gems on the rose,
See the fair heads softy sinking,
And the bright eyes gently close
Draw the curtains, loop them lightly,
Never was a fairer sight:
Little sinless angel children
Bidding earth a fair Good-Night.

Little care they for the even;
They are wearied with the day,
Tired alike of task and lesson,
Of the pleasure and the play.
They have sported in the bowers,
While the day was young and bright,
And with bees and birds and flowers,
Now they bid the earth Good-Night.

Heaven bless ye, little children!
Gentle, stainless, fragrant flowers;
Ye that shed the smiles of Eden
Round these homes and hearts of ours.
Homes and hearts, how dark and lonely
Would they be without your light!
Little, rosy, gladsome children,
Sweetly may ye rest—Good-Night!

E. C. HOLLY.

Original Story.

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT; OR, THE RECORD OF THE WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"One more patch, dear Aunt Hannah, just one more. You know I have not asked for one for six whole long months."

"How is it, Bell; when we first began our quilt, I remember you concluded that one patch a week, for two years, would complete the quilt, and that at the expiration of that time, you were to be married, and get up your own romance. Two years and more have gone by, and Miss *Isabella Warren* is still a member of my household, and for aught I can see, likely still to be for the two years to come."

"Well, aunty, I know, I confess," said Bell, dropping into the nearest chair, and patting the toe of a lilac colored gaiter a little impatiently upon Aunt Hannah's home-made carpet, "I know. But all the boys had not taken the California fever when I made that calculation. Everybody had not been to the 'World's Fair.' M'Cormick's reapers were not invented. The finality bill had not been passed. Nor the world been frightened out of its *ten* senses by 'Woman's Rights' Conventions;' and furthermore, I had never read that part of the statutes of Ohio, contained in Chapter Forty-Seven, Section Forty-Three, which gives so generously to the widow of a man, 'all spinning-wheels, weaving-looms, and cooking stoves; all the flax, wool and cooking utensils; the husband's old clothes, and the ornaments of a widow,' &c., besides the heavy responsibility of 'one table, six chairs, six knives and forks, six plates, six tea cups and saucers, one sugar-dish, *one* milk-pot, one tea-pot, and twelve spoons.' No, no, I had never read that law, and, of course, had never duly considered the awful weight of responsibility that such an amount of property would throw upon me."

"And so you have concluded to follow my example, and—"

"Not I. To tell you the plain truth, Aunt Hannah, Duncan had never then seen the queenly Marie Scott; nor had I been to Boston to spend a winter; *and so*, and so you must know, Duncan has gone to California, and I am—"

Bell blushed and hesitated.

"Going to die, or go crazy, I suppose," said Aunt Hannah.

"Neither," said Bell, with emphasis, drawing herself up proudly. "When that attachment was formed we were both children; neither had come to years of discretion. And having but few associates, none superior to ourselves, as we then thought, we fancied we were irretrievably in love with each other, and swore everlasting, eternal, never-dying affection on the strength of a three months' flirtation, just as a million of simpletons have done before, and most like will do again. I am not at all sure but I promised to 'die or go crazy,' according to the most approved practice, if ever

"'A change came o'er the spirit of his dream.'

But you know I went to Boston, and a year's absence gave both of us time to think. And when I returned, bringing with me my splendid Cousin Marie, I placed before my sworn, true knight an irresistible temptation, a fairer, finer, and more accomplished woman than myself, a woman answering in body and soul to his ideal more than I did, or ever could hope to do."

"Why, Bell, you perfectly astonish me. I supposed you still affianced to Duncan, and only waiting his return, to carry out the plan of your (as you say) childhood."

"No! Aunt, that's all done with. I noticed (not without pain, I own,) his growing admiration for Marie. I noticed, too, her changing cheek and flurried manner, and the light that played over her brow when he was by, and the shade that fell upon it when he was absent. I probed my own heart to the very core, and though I found there a deep love, and a willingness to abide my part of the contract, I felt also (I could not help it) that he had a right to love Marie. She was one better adapted to his proud ambition, and his lofty hopes, than I. She was more beautiful, more accomplished, more enthusiastic, more everything to suit his aspiring mind. He had often said to me in our long talks, before I went East, 'Bell, when I get my wings poised and just ready to soar, somehow you always tie them down and keep me near the earth. Come, now, be enthusiastic with me—let us both fly together.' Marie was always ready to soar with him, and they often took their flights of fancy far above earth, where my better judgment warned me not to follow. Again and again he said to me, (without even for one moment seeming to show me the least relapse in affection)—'Oh, Bell, how I wish you could feel as Marie feels about this, and that, and the other.' All this was to me significant. He would have sacrificed his life rather than have proved recreant to me. I looked with steady gaze into the future, and felt that though we might love on and ever, we should never fully harmonize; he would still wish I could think, and feel, and be as Marie, and I should be Bell still.

"Love is no cringing servant, to do every body's bidding; we can no more help loving what is loveable, than we can help hating that which is hateful.

"Duncan was loveable, and Marie loved him despite every effort to the contrary. I saw her terrible struggle with herself. I saw her cheek grow pale. I knew the cause. What was my duty? I made up my mind that straight forward truth and unselfishness would do better work for us all than any murmuring or prevarication. So I deliberately took Duncan by the hand one bright, winter morning, looked him steadily in the face, and asked the question, 'If you were not betrothed to me, if you stood clear of all engagements, and were left at liberty to decide between us, which would be your choice, myself or Marie?' I bade him peremptorily answer the truth as he regarded the future peace of all three. For a moment he was startled. He was wakened as with a clap of thunder from a long sleep. But it was but a moment ere his clear eye surveyed the whole ground, and his great manly heart answered without fear of offence. 'Marie. But,' said he, 'Isabel, what of that? *I am not* so disengaged, but by every feeling and every tie of my manhood I am pledged to you, and I have never yet, by the slightest word or thought, violated my trust.' All this was followed, of course, by a long, long confidential talk, which ended in our dissolving partnership by mutual consent. He left very soon after for California under promise, that if, at the expiration of one year, we both should feel that it was best to live apart, that we would then each feel at liberty to enter into any other engagement. We were to write the same day; and you would think, aunt, that we had striven to express the very same ideas, in different words, so exactly were our thoughts alike. And thus have we both escaped by using a little good common sense, a life, not of misery, perhaps, but of cold, half-sympathising, half-harmony. He will marry Marie, and they are just the two that should live together, and I shall do just as I please of course."

"A wise conclusion, my dear girl, and yet I am so surprised. Do you remember that I once said to you that your tempers were too dissimilar? I always thought it would not be quite right for you to marry Duncan, though I do think that you would have lived more pleasantly together than half the world."

"We will let that all pass now. I don't love to talk about it or I should have told you long ago. But I do love to think that I have made two great and good hearts happy for life. But that story surely you will not refuse me, now that I have told you one? What was that one you began the other day about one Heptiah Cobb supporting his wife. You were interrupted by a call from Mrs. Dewey, you know?"

"Oh, yes, I remember. But are we not both a little too solemn for such a story?"

"Not a bit of it. I am just ready to be cheered and comforted."

And Bell dropped her hands into her lap, dropped herself down into a lackadaisical attitude, and said, "there." And Aunt Hannah began:—

"Leander Fitz Merron was the oldest son of his father, a well-to-do farmer, near the neat village of Cornoff, upon the meandering waters of the Wahoo."

"Why," said Bell, straightening up with a look of surprise, "I thought you were going to tell me about Heptiah Cobb, son of old Deacon Cobb, of Cobbtown, down on the Kinokaninck Creek?"

"Well, so I was. But I thought, from your die-away air, that Mr. Leander Fitz Merron, of Cornoff, would suit you vastly better than 'our Heptia;' and as Wahoo and Kinokaninck mean the same thing in Indian, I chose the most musical name of the two. Besides, I have some fancy for being fashionable, and giving my heroes and heroines pleasant-sounding names, as well as other people; so, as I have a very plain story to tell, I shall insist upon embellishing it as much as I can, and not make a new story out of it."

"Leander Fitz Merron was the oldest son of his father, a well-to-do farmer near the neat village of Cornoff, upon the meandering waters of the Wahoo. Old Deacon Fitz Merron belonged to that class of conservatives who ever and forever aimed

"'For the mark that others chalk,'

but without any cringing. And it is reported of the good man to this day, that he did carry his grist to mill with a big stone, which he kept on purpose in the other end of the bag; hung a horse-shoe over the stable-door, to keep the witches from his horses, and never failed to plant his potatoes in the full of the moon.

"Be this true or false, there was nobody that had any better grists ground, kept any finer, fatter, or more spirited horses, or raised more of the 'waxy or mealy' vegetables to the acre. The morning sun never caught him in bed, and (I was going to say) the evening sun never caught him out of it; but that would not have been quite true, though he went to his rest about as regularly as the old dominick rooster, who always found his perch on the end of a projecting log of the cabin, near by the head of the deacon's bed, and had aroused the whole household by his clarion shrill, just at daybreak, for seventeen years; or ever since Elza Cobb and his wife Patty, (I forgot) Augustus Fitz Merron and his beloved Margaretta, had taken possession of that same cabin the day after they were pronounced *man* and wife by Justice Pickenbaum; who, as he always commenced all the lines in a subpœna with capitals, made small, unpompous i's, and wrote you y-e-w, could not be expected to understand that certain forms of law changed any relations of life for a man, though he fully comprehended that a woman, when she became a wife, ceased to be; therefore, I suppose, it was, that the good Justice Pickenbaum always pronounced the happy pairs whom he was called upon to join together in the 'holy bands of '*matere-money*,' as he spelled it, '*Man* and wife.'

"But, as I was saying, Elza and Patty pshaw! I can't remember, Bell, I never could tell anything but plain truth, never could call things by wrong names, if I tried ever so hard; so now I am just going to quit trying, and instead of attempting to make my hero and heroine *sound* more refined, I will say Elza and Patty, Hepa and Nancy, as other folks called them in their day, and let my story take its chance. For, as I said before, it's nothing but a *very* common-place, every-day tale, at best.

"Well, Elza and Patty lived in that same log-cabin, twenty feet square, for seventeen years. There had been born and bred in that one room, up to that time, ten young *Cobbs*, the eldest of which was Hepa—as he was called for short. Elza Cobb never dreamed but what there was room enough; if there was not, he could not see it nor feel it. 'It was big enough for all his wants.' Surely, there was room enough for the big dresser, with five shelves, in the North-East corner, at the right hand of the big stone chimney; and that dresser was right nice, too, when it was scoured white with sand from the brook, and rushes from the pond. True, it was only boards laid upon long wooden pins driven in the wall, but then it was so roomy and showy; that dresser, when the tin pans and pewter plates were all burnished up like silver, and set one by one, making the background of the two lower shelves; then the two next were adorned by long rows of crimped, blue-edged plates and platters, shining and glossy from every meal.

"But the tea-cups and saucers were the most conspicuous. Set in rows upon the edge of the shelf, the cup within the saucer, and each showing in bold relief a cluster of red and green 'Johnny Jumpups,' growing luxuriantly upon a hair stem of deep blue, dressed with rose leaves. Beside every tea-cup in every saucer, as attractive as the 'Johnny Jumpups' themselves, was a polished old-fashioned silver spoon, all of which had been the property of Patty's great grandmother, before the war. For Patty's family had been well-off before gran'sire went into the army, and lost his property by dealing in continental money. But there were a great many things arrayed to the best advantage on that dresser, 'and every thing had its place, and there seemed a place for everything.' No wonder Elza thought there was room enough, for there was plenty of room in the opposite corner, South-West, for the big bed, where father and mother and the two youngest always slept. Room enough, too, for the broad trundle-bed, that set through the day nicely tucked up under the shadow of the big one. And that big bed, with its neat patched bed-quilt, its snow white, home-made, linen pillow cases, trimmed with home-made netting fringe, had its exact counterpart, trundle-bed and all, in the other corner of the house, and there seemed to be room enough, and to spare. Far behind each, draping the wall in rich profusion, hung a brilliant array of the household gear, in all the variety of stripe and check, and of all sizes and shapes, from little Tommy's last new red and green linsey, of a foot long, up to mother's old, time revered brocade, of orange and blue, which had descended to Patty with the silver spoons."

"What, hang a brocade silk up in a log cabin for years and years, among the linseys and home-made linens?"

"La child, no, not every day, I am only telling you how she fixed up when she had a party."

"A party!" said Bell, lifting up her hands and rolling up her eyes in utter amazement, "A party in a house with one room, four beds, all the frocks and pants, and the great dresser. You don't expect me to believe that?"

"A party, to be sure, and nice parties they were, too. I tell you, Bell, I have thought that there was more real heartfelt enjoyment in a log cabin party, where the good wife was of a cheerful temper, and bound to make the most of every thing, than in a dozen of your fashionable 'soirees,' where every thing and everybody, room or no room, has to be squeezed, body and soul, by rule. Patty always put the 'best foot foremost,' the lightest outside; and on such occasions the orange and blue brocade took its place at the head of the room, just as its former aristocratic owner might have been supposed to have occupied hers among her ladies in her own old baronial castle in 'merrie England.' I have seen elegance and grace, I have been a looker on when refined gentleness, or unbending dignity, have played their part, but I have never seen any one that could make a company feel more at their ease than Patty Cobb, or make them more fully forget that they were crowded, than when she would, with a graceful wave of her hand, invite them 'to sit over in the parlor, while she spread the table in the dining-room;' reminding them at the same time, 'that it was not everybody that was blessed with kitchen, wash-room, dining-room, bed-rooms, and parlors as she was, and hoping, as they had the range of her extensive establishment, they would all make themselves *perfectly* at home, and as comfortable as possible.' It required grace, dignity, adroitness, cheerfulness, age, beauty, and strength, too, to make and cook short biscuit for a company of thirty, in a skillet before a big fire, and all that company looking on, and do it with honor to one's self."

"I should think so. Oh, Aunt Hannah, how could people live?"

"Live, child, why comfortably, usefully, honestly; and their children, and their children's children will rise up and call them blessed for generations to come."

"But you have not heard of half the furniture of that room. There was one more corner, the one where the ladder leaned up into the loft, under which set the cupboard, where mar'm Cobb stowed away the mince-pies, doughnuts, pickles, jellies, preserves, honey pots, &c., &c. Anybody that could not have satisfied his or her appetite to the full in that cupboard under the ladder, any time, 'Frae November 'till October,' deserved to go to bed supperless, and not be pitied.

"Between this closet and the door which fronted the East, stood the water-bench, and on sundry nails above hung the wash-bowls, the wash gourd bound with blue calico, the tin-cups, the gourd-dipper, the skillet with a hole in the handle, the pewter porringers, tin basins, and the never-neglected, never-lost-sight-of polished white hickory mush-stick. Besides divers and sundry other indispensables to the kitchen, as Mrs. Patty Cobbs used to call this corner, when she had company.

"Opposite the door, between the bed and the great dresser, sat an imposing black walnut bureau, which called for reverence and respect by its worn edges, and soiled and stained surface, that the glossy diaper cover with its deep tring and pendant tassels could not fully screen. Above this hung the twelve-by-fourteen looking-glass, festooned all about with strings of bird's eggs, spotted, white, and blue, choicely intermingled, and which were only matched, in grace and beauty, by the long thread-case, made of bits of choice calico and strips of ribbon and silk, to each of which was attached in the memory of Patty, at least

"'Its tale of love, its dream of joy,
Its own unequalled bright romance.'

And this thread-case, Bell, so neatly stitched, so tastefully tied; every little pocket held more treasures than many a fashionable lady's whole array of fancy fixins. Ah, there were souvenirs there that made the heart throb whenever they were brought into the light of day. There was kept the little lock of golden hair that had been clipped with bitter tears from the head of sweet blue-eyed Violet, the fourth child, named from the wild spring blossoms which gave earth almost the hue of heaven in the merry spring-time, in their fresh dewed fields and meadows. Sweet little Violet, she passed away even as the sweet flowers, her namesakes; and her deep, blue eyes and golden hair were shut out from the sight of the longing, loving mother one calm, soft evening in May, while the wild thrush sung her requiem in the sugar-maple above her resting place. The school children planted the soft mound of rich earth, that was heaped up by sun-brown hands above the loved little sleeper, all over with violets—and for many a year they came, when the blue-bird was building her nest, the white lambs playing by the brook-side, and the corn blades springing in the long deep furrows, to gather nosegays and drop their tears of regret, and to talk with suppressed voices, of the 'best and gone,' beside the Violet bed at the foot of the great maple.

"Years, long years of active, busy, useful life had passed, since that 'golden lock' was deposited in the upper pocket of the thread-case, in the same bit of paper that held a precious relic, shining with the silvery rime of eighty winters, taken from the head of a sainted grandmother, and another even more precious, where here and there a tinge of gray told of hardship, toil and years, which Patty had clipped from the head of her weeping mother when she bade her farewell, at 'merrie seventeen,' a 'winsome bride' just leaving her childhood-home to brave the dangers and endure the toils of a home in the wilderness.

"The mother's eye never fell upon that thread-case, but her heart sent up a silent prayer that the spirits of those loved ones would hover near and guard her and the household from harm.

"Many other things there were in that thread case, that held their talismanic power over the destiny of the good wife and mother. But we can't stay now to tell them all. In the centre of the north end of the house, and on the left hand of the door whose leather latch-string was always out, was the great fire place, and such a fire-place. It was not to be wondered at that all the Cobbs were an embodiment of health and strength, for how could dyspepsia, consumption, liver complaint, asthma, neuralgia, or even nervousness find their way into a sleeping apartment ventilated like that. All the ghosts, of all the

"'Ills that flesh is heir to'

might have been committed to the flames, and purified 'as by fire,' in that great chimney where little short of a cord of hickory, sugar-maple and beach were daily consumed.

"Ah, many a fat wild turkey that had been victimized for trespassing upon the corn and wheat, by the unerring rifle that hung so cozily on the dog-wood hooks over the beach mantel, was roasted by its slow fire, and whirled its giddy round until *done brown*, while the good farmers, circled with their thrifty wives around that same. And many a tale of border warfare, wild wood hunt and Indian peril, kept their appetites at bay, until the turkey was duly roasted upon its string, and the corn pone done to a proper richness in the Dutch oven in the corner. Many a haunch of venison, too, many a rabbit, squirrel, partridge and wild pigeon shared the fate of the pilferring turkey, and were either stewed or roasted for the good of the family.

"Oh, for the days of great chimneys and open fire-places, and good sugar-tree wood, instead of air-tight stoves and stone coal."

"And the days of 'one room,' Aunt Hannah, with four beds, a bureau, big dresser, closet, water bench, pans, spoons and ladles, all in a heap."

"Why, no, Bell, I don't exactly pray for those days, but it does seem to me that people might appropriate the improvements of the age, without taking with them all the follies and evils.

"But I have not finished the inventory of the furniture, and I want to tell the whole story, for the days of thrifty, comfortable, log-cabin life are nearly ended in Ohio, and I would fain have one truthful description in my 'Record of the West.'

"Opposite to the fire-place, and between the two beds, stood the family table, of plain walnut, dressed with wax, and bright as varnished mahogany. At one end of this was a neat white pine chest, covered, usually, with a folded, double coverlet, making a seat, soft and comfortable, for two, at least. Over the table was a window; on each side of this, high enough to be out of the way, were long shelves, piled up with sheets, pillow-cases, blankets, spreads, quilts, and double coverlets; here, too, was a small shelf, appropriated to books. The newspaper was filed upon a nail, in another spare nook; and, ticking its everlasting, never-varying round, of seconds, minutes, hours, days, months and years, was the old family clock, which for half a century had told time for the Cobbs, with the precision of the sun.

"A thing of great pride was this tall old frame, with its hanging appendages of strings and weights, its gaudy, full moon face, looking benignly down from the top, and its corners of gay poppies and roses. There was a plain deal mixing-table, that found a place, and a circular light stand, that turned up edgewise against the foot of one bed, while two or three chairs kept tally at the lower extremities of the other. These chairs were generally in their places, and privileged characters, being what was denominated Windsors, while the home-manufactured frames, with their split and twisted bottoms, not being quite so aristocratic, stood where careless hands chose to set them. The unhewn logs overhead were made to support a whole pendant museum. An oval basket of coarse braided rye straw, hung suspended, and protected from bruises and dust Patty's Sunday-go-to-meeting cap, bonnet, shawl and gloves—the latter were made of a young fawn skin of her own dressing, and dyed a beautiful orange with the bark of the yellow oak. Near by, and as if to keep the bonnet in heart, was Elza's fur hat, which had gone to meeting with that same bonnet

"'Thro' Summer's heat and Winter's cold,'

and consequently had a perfect right to hang on the next peg all through the week.

"Then there were skeins of stocking yarn, of all colors and shades, hanks of sewing-thread, bundles of filling and warp, both wool and linen, heaps of well heckeled, smooth, glossy flax, a pole filled well with the family hose, festoons of dried apples, peaches and pumpkins, bags of dried blackberries, raspberries, currants, cherries, &c. Choice ears of corn hung by the nicely braided husk, seed peas strung in the pod, and—"

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, don't tell anything more, if you do I shall not be able to believe one word of all you've said; surely nobody ever did live in such a cluttered room, that had so many things to do with, and so much to do as all this seems to bespeak? I can't understand it."

"Just one article more, Bell, I must mention, and that was the long cradle which served as a cradle and sofa, a lounge and a bed, and always stood somewhere conspicuous, as the most treasured, the most used, and the most loved of all the valuables of that 'one room.'

"You wonder why the Cobbs lived thus. That was what I began to tell you. They had to live so at first, and as Elza seldom got up a new idea, he could not be easily persuaded that any possible change could benefit any living thing about his premises. Indeed if he had been consulted about the propriety of hanging up one string of dried apples, or a fresh bunch of pennyroyal, he would have objected to the change; but Patty knew him like a book, so hung up just what she pleased, fixed things to suit herself, and he never seemed to know that anything had been moved one jot or tittle.

"But if Elza was conservative, moved slow, went to bed and got up with the sun, Patty did not. Active, prompt, persevering, ingenious and ambitious, she made things move, and (speaking after the fashion of the times,) was much the better man of the two.

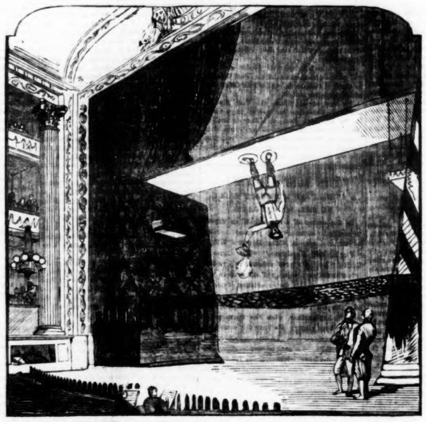
"It was she that insisted the children should be sent to school, whenever there was a school to send them to; she that did the work, that they might not be missed in the household arrangements. She that sat up till midnight, patching, darning, making and knitting, that they should never be untidy. She who formed them into a little club, pledged to eat no butter till they had saved enough, by the self-denial, to take a newspaper. She that wore her old bonnet one year longer, that Hepa and Jane might have a Philosophy. And it was she, who by dint of long coaxing and contrivance, persuaded Elza that Hepa, their eldest born, ought to be sent to college. 'A continual dropping weareth away stones,' said a wise man, and so it was, I suppose, that Hepa was sent to college; for to college he did actually go just as he was entering his eighteenth year, where we will leave him for four years to pursue, as his father would have done before him, the even tenor of his way. For Hepa was emphatically the child of his father, and had a full intuition in his own soul, that whether he moved or sat still, or slept or waked, that all the important things happening within the sphere of his influence, was brought about solely by his superior wit and wisdom. If the truth must be told, both Hepa and his father were 'mighty conceited,' so said the neighbors.

"'Patience and perseverance will remove mountains,' was a proverb that Patty fully believed in; as she had removed the next thing to a mountain, when she got the good man's consent to send Hepa to college, she resolved to remove the mountain itself next, and so there loomed up beside the old log-house a great square brick, with six rooms below, and four above, every one of them nearly as long as the one 'old room.' Elza, poor man, groaned in spirit sometimes, but somehow he had so long been convinced by actual experiment that Patty knew best, that he gave all up into her hands, and ploughed, and sowed, and hoed, and reaped, and smoked his pipe, read his newspaper, and went to meeting as if nothing was going on. 'You know best' grew into a stereotyped phrase, and was used morning, noon and night, till the whole house was completed, and all put to rights. But when Elza and Patty seated themselves for the first time in the nice sitting-room, all flashing and bright with the brilliant home-made carpet, the snowy walls, and snowy window-curtains, its comfortable lounges and cozy arm-chair, he did acknowledge, much to Patty's delight, something after this fashion—'Wall, I swow, mammy, this is kinder nicer than the old hut, ain't it? Now you will have to acknowledge, of course, that I did about the right thing when I procured it! It's not every man that would a done it.' Patty said 'yes,' of course, and her eyes filled with tears, and her heart swelled with gratitude that she could be thus blest."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ There is a tight-rope dancer in San Francisco who offers to walk across the ocean, provided some one will chalk the equinoxial line for him. Due notice will be given of the start.

Our Picture Gallery.



SANDS, THE AIR WALKER.

Many years since, a certain Sieur Sarches accomplished the feat of walking on the ceiling at the Surrey Theatre, England. *How* this was effected we are not prepared to say: it is stated to have been by the employment of hooks. Mr. Sands's contrivance, however, is different. He acknowledges to have received the *secret* from a scientific man, and first accomplished the feat at Auburn. Whilst attempting it, at Penyann, Mr. Sands fell, and was much injured; he, however, completed the task, but was ill for some months after. The arrangements for the performance are as follows:—From two lofty draped supports is placed a temporary ceiling, 20 feet in length, and consisting of a stout timber framing, with a smooth surface; at each end is a slung seat; and beneath the ceiling a net, provided in case of accident. Mr. Sands prepares himself by lacing sandals over his boots, to which are attached brass loops; and these are connected, by springs, with a pair of platter-like soles, in which lies the secret, as they are brought to the theatre in a locked box, and conveyed away with similar caution at the close of the performance. Mr. Sands commences by ascending a ladder to one of the slung seats, and, lying upon his back by aid of the ropes, places his platter shod feet upon the ceiling, then gently detaching himself, he very slowly walks across the platform, occasionally poising himself on one leg; thus he reaches the seat at the opposite end, and descends by the ladder. It is surmised that the support is occasioned by the hollow soles being exhausted of air, upon the same principle as that by which a fly walks upon the ceiling—the performer's feet being detached by the pressure of a valve, which readmits the air. The performance throughout is very neatly executed—and shows that "some things can be done as well as others."

Pictures of Life.

A PIRATE'S LIFE IN BORNEO.

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

Now and then a report still comes of buccaniers ravaging among the islands of the East. Such stories used to be common when Saracen freebooters pillaged ships and cities in Europe; when the scarlet flag blazed along the coasts of Italy and Spain; when Christians were sold in the markets of Morocco by the rovers of Sallee. But they were supposed to be chronicles of the past, fragments for history, traditions for romance; now, however, within a few years, the color of the tale has revived: we have again heard of the merchantman being plundered and murdered, or made captive; of the town being sacked—its defenders put to the sword, and its women and children sold into Mahommedan harems. The tints of the picture, too, are terribly picturesque as ever. The pirate comes from a secluded haunt far up a river in an unexplored island: he sails about with a fleet, with his fighting men in crimson vests, armed with mighty two-handled swords, and his vessel adorned with barbaric insignia of war; he conceals himself among rocks, or in secret creeks; he attacks the lonely village with firebrands, and carries mothers and their infants, and maidens, to sell to some rich Indian prince, he is stealthy, cruel, remorseless, and greedy of gain; and when he has freighted his boats with plunder, he goes home with music and songs, to revel during the indolent season, in his village. A panoramic view of the Bornean pirates' life, drawn without one imaginative touch, is as curious a picture of human modes of existence as the mind can conceive.

Imagine a valley embosomed among low hills, with mountains rising up more remotely on both sides. Through the middle flows a river, wide and full, into which the tropical light seems to melt in soft, red ripples. Large pearl-white lilies, with their rich green leaves, lie in cool patches on the surface, and the shade of palms plays waveringly near the banks. Soft-edged creeks, here and there, have little shallops lying in them, which leap and fall with the water, and point their light stems above the flowers on the brink. Fields of rice undulate along the valley, which they paint with lustrous, but tender green. Feathery palm-tufts cast their shadows here and there, amid cottages, poultry-yards, pig and goat sheds, which are scattered about with plantations of sugar-cane, bananas, and Indian corn. In the gardens, neatly fenced around, are regular beds of onions, cabbages, and lettuces, laid out in the prim fashion of China, where everything is as formal as a Dutch tile. Chinese captives are supposed to perform these tasks for the pirate epicures of Borneo. Between the rich cultivated grounds are cattle pastures, where the sleek herds feed, and in some of the freebooters' retreats, a huge granary, raised on high pillars, on a rising ground, contains stores of grain safe from inundations.

The main village, however, is among most of the Dyak pirates, one mighty building, elevated on piles about forty feet high, and four feet thick. It may be a hundred and fifty yards long; in front is a verandah, beyond which the shadowy eaves droop to keep it cool. Within, a single apartment, or vast broad corridor, stretches the whole length of the edifice, opening into this common room, are numerous small chambers in the rear, which are appropriated to married couples. Mats tapestry the walls, screen the windows, and carpet the floor; thrashing and knitting machines occupy the corners; on a sort of frame hanging from the roof are deposited culinary implements and stores. The fire-places are shallow boxes of thick wood, filled with clay, and covered with narrow stones: they are each supported by four strong posts, passing from the earth through the floor, and upwards through the roof. Their wood is piled as a frame-work above, and is collected by the women. Their only table is the springy bamboo flooring they tread upon; a small block about three inches thick is their seat and their pillow; while their plates are broad, fragrant leaves.

Along the walls hang armor, naked swords, gongs, shields, and articles of martial apparel. Beneath these are the coffin-shaped beds, which lie like troughs, a foot or two above the floor. Occasionally there may be seen an English cabinet, a musical box, a liqueur stand, a watch, a lady's dress, or some children's toys—the relics of a sad story. Outside, too, a chain-cable, hanging on posts, a heavy great-gun, or an anchor, marked "Deptford," tells of some good ships fate, and the fate of some lost ones, long wept for in the "Wish-ton-Wish" of their distant homes.

These are the first signs that the romantic place we have been examining is the dwelling of a race of bloody pirates. But looking up, you perceive numberless human skulls, pendant in swinging festoons from the beams under the thatch, with bundles of thigh and arm bones disposed between; and in hidden coves you know that huge war-boats lie, under a screen of foliage, waiting for the pirate's season, when they rush forth from the peaceful home, to gain more wealth by massacre and pillage.

We might imagine these freebooters without ruth to have lost all the gentler feelings of human nature: but so men lose these altogether. As Nero had an elegant taste in art, so has the pirate a graceful sentiment of the poetical in feeling, and the picturesque in scene. His burying-ground stands on an easy slope, with the oblong wooden tombs, on tall, slim pillars, scattered amid fragrant and flowering shrubs. He visits the spot with a religious awe. He inscribes a rude, but pious charactery on the tenement of the dead; he decorates it fantastically with the white bark of the palm, and he keeps it neat, clean and sacred from spoliation.*

In this retreat the pirate tribe, composed, perhaps, of mixed Malays and Dyaks, spend a portion of the year. By the aid of their prisoners they cultivate their fields and gardens, attend to their villages, collect their crops, gather the useful products of their woods—cocoa-nuts, wax, honey, and rattans; barter with wandering traffickers from the coasts, and build war-boats, or prepare weapons. Their women share the heaviest labor with the men. In their idle hours, they smoke tobacco or opium, gamble, amuse themselves with cock-fighting, and feast according to their means. Then, in the evening, they sit about their raised hearths in the great room of their village house, talking, planning expeditions, or relating martial anecdotes, which excite them to dances and pantomimic manœuvres. As the night deepens, the fires burn low; the embers throw out a duller glare; the noise lessens; the pirates steal one by one to their trough-shaped sleeping couches; the married pairs pass under mat-hangings to their chambers; and gradually silence falls over the whole community. Now and then a Dyak rises quietly from his bed, comes to the fire, blows the embers into a flame, and warms himself, retiring to make room for another, who may just be rising like a shadow in the twilight of the vast apartment.

But this quiet tenor of life lasts only during a part of the year. The season of piracy regularly comes round, when booty and slaves are to be collected and sold, and the buccaniers are to enrich themselves for another period of indolent gratification. Then all the warriors of the tribe are summoned. Messages are sent to the other tribes, which come in with their boats to the place of rendezvous. Some live too far up towards the sources of the river to be able to launch any war-vessels of their own; they, therefore, come either in light canoes, or through secret paths in the jungle, for there are communications between the pirate villages known only to themselves. The warriors come down sometimes singly, with their wooden bucklers, and short, heavy swords; sometimes in twos and threes; sometimes pouring out of the forest in a continuous line. All the valley is full of motion. The vessels are hauled out of the creeks; their keels are examined; they are stored with rice and bread-cakes, and other provisions; and the complement of arms is reckoned over. When all is ready, a treble line of roofed boats is drawn up along the banks, so that a village seems to have been set afloat; a bright fire blazes in each, and groups of pirates collect to make ready for the start. But a very important preparation is the change of dress. The usual costume of the sea Dyaks is very simple; in ordinary weather it is merely a long scarf bound about the waist with the broad ornamented ends hanging down front and behind; in cold seasons a coarse cotton jacket of plain color is also worn; but when an expedition is on foot a number of brass rings are passed through the ear, sometimes as many as eighteen, brass armlets and anklets are put on, or white bracelets of shell, or strings of panthers' teeth. Thick padded jackets, capable of resisting a spear's point, defend their bodies, and fillets of red cloth, worked in patterns with shells and adorned with feathers, constitute their head-dress. A large chopping knife is suspended from the left side of the waist, and a little bamboo case on the other, with some trifling necessaries. Their arms are spears and swords.

The whole flotilla starts at once. A hundred gongs are beaten. A loud shout from front to rear gives the signal. Innumerable gaudy streamers fly from the stems and sterns. Guns are fired. The homestayers wave a farewell from the shore; the pirates utter a sonorous adieu from the river. The huge mass is in motion, propelled by many vigorous arms. The swift, long, snake-shaped boats fly forward under the impulse of forty paddles; the heavier vessels roll under their double banks of oars. As the tide rushes down, slashing and white with foam, the mass of craft acquires a more rapid motion. The evening falls; the pirates cry, "Row, row" from boat to boat; the chiefs, of Arab blood, monotonously chaunt the Koran; and this strange armament, charged with an adventure of rapine and death, makes way towards the sea.

The light, slim war-boats of the Dyaks are often seventy feet in length, very high in the stem and stern, and so buoyant that when empty, they seem merely to dip into the water in the middle. The have a flat keel, and are made of planks only tied by rattans, caulked with soft bark, and well oiled. They have monstrous figure-heads highly painted, and have lately added grape shot bulwarks. When fighting, they approach headforemost, so many of the crew continuing sitting to paddle, and so many standing up, each with a sheaf of wooden-pointed spears by his side, and others of iron to be used at close quarters. They are often heroically brave, and lately have learned the value of fire-arms, for there were twelve hundred muskets in the fleet which was fortunately destroyed in 1849. Unless they are afraid of a larger force meeting them, they go boldly down the river, and near the sea are usually joined by their Malay allies, in vessels more formidable than their own—large, solidly-built craft, well armed and powerfully manned. Thus reinforced they dash out of the mouth of the stream upon the open sea, waving flags, beating their brazen drums, singing their pirate pœans, and demonstrating the fiercest joy in their anticipations of havoc and plunder.

Generally, however, when approaching their victims they go stealthily along under the shady shore, or by night, and attacking a village suddenly, cut off its inhabitants without any danger to themselves. Sometimes they send a few men disguised, to approach the fishers near the beach in a friendly manner, and murder them unawares. They despatch small parties up the creeks and rivers to be in wait for girls who come down for water or to bathe, and carry them off, since a fine-shaped, fullgrown Dyak damsel is valuable in the savage slave-markets of Borneo.

There is a phantasy-like romance in the varied picture of pirate navigation in these Indian seas, on the coasts of islands that are bright with birds and flowers, and redolent of perfume. Over all the waters wander to and fro warlike marauders, changing the peace of prosperity into the repose of death, and transfiguring beauty into desolation. In one channel the voyager may see ninety lofty-built ships of Mindanao, every one with fifty men on its high deck, in scarlet vestments, each with plates of armor glittering on his back and breast; and his helmet flashing with the plumes of the bird of Paradise. His waist is encircled by a gold and crimson sash of rich silk; the hilt of his sword is ornamented with red streamers; his long buckler jingles with bright brass rings, and his tremendous two-handled scimitar glitters in rivalry with his crest. His vessel sweeps up the foam as it flies along at the head of a formidable line; and ditties like the old Grecian songs of the heroic years are chanted from crew to crew in a cadence keeping time with the rise and dip of the oars. Streamers of white palmetto leaf flow out in the wind; and, perhaps, a mighty sail is spread, under which the prahu seems to leap along the waves.

When they approach an European port, or are afraid of falling in with a ship of war, these buccaniers disguise themselves, conceal their arms, put on sober-colored clothes, and distribute into twos and threes. They are often seen at the mouth of a river, with the ill-concealed scarlet garments peeping forth from beneath their fishermen's habits, and the two-handled sword flashing by the side of an innocent oar or net. Other classes of pirates have different kinds of boats, and a peculiar economy; but in their general system there is a strange similarity between them all. Now and then, however, you may see a petty thief cautiously paddling alone along the shore, intent on kidnapping some stray child or woman, or cutting off a fisherman's head, or carrying away a few baskets of rice. But from the solitary pirate, marauding for himself, to the confederated horde dividing their gains like a nation, they are all the avowed and destructive enemies of civilization and trade. When they meet a sago-boat, or any unarmed merchantman, they immediately pillage it and seize the crew. Many European ships have, in this manner, been captured, as well as an infinite number of Indian boats laden with English goods.

The larger vessels are often hidden among rocks, shoals and islands, or in woody creeks, while the smaller ones go to collect booty, which they bring to them to form their homeward cargo. But on a great expedition to sack a village, the whole force is employed. The approach is made quietly until the pirates are discovered, when they rush forward in martial attitude, dancing, shaking their spears, striking their gongs as the Greeks struck their shields, and shouting martial songs more terrible than those of the Huron or Cherokee. They sack and burn the dwellings; they capture the young persons of both sexes; they murder the old and the sick; they slaughter the cattle; they burn the granaries, trample down the standing crops, insult the women, and torture the men. They have been known to flay a woman, and make her skin into a banner.

Then, from the coast which they have filled with uproar and terror they disappear as suddenly and completely as if they had never come. Should a ship of war approach it, they are gone, and no one knows whither; but most probably they lie close by, in some reef-bound haunt among the waves, where an impenetrable screen of rocks and foliage hides them from view. To such spots they repair to careen their vessels, and to hold feasts in commemoration of their achievements, and well knowing that waters and winds will drown their songs, and forests and hills conceal their fires, they give way to the maddest revelry.

The pirate at sea feels as secure in his skill as on land. Signs, which he knows, forbode rain and storm, favorable or contrary winds. He uses no compass, but at night steers by the direction of the stars, and in the day by the course of the sun. Infallible tokens warn him when he is approaching a reef, or shallow, or dangerous shore—the color of the water by daylight, and during darkness the reflection of the stars. Thus he roves from spot to spot, gathering stores to be consumed at home in the season of repose, living frugally when actually in motion, but giving himself up to enjoyment when success allows him the opportunity. Many pirates have been known to disguise themselves as traders, and so have committed depredations by stealth. Sometimes, however, they have been foiled by their own arts, and have been sunk by the guns of a frigate which they were decoyed into believing was a merchantman deserted and water-logged. In the great struggle, however, which goes on between them and the traders of the Indian Archipelago, they have the obvious advantage. They are the most expert navigators; they are most familiar with the coasts, channels and shoals; their vessels are built for speed, and not for burden; their haunts are almost inaccessible; and their combination is wonderfully complete. So perfect is their adroitness in concealment, that they contrive to elude the most cautious pursuit. They have been known to sail stem on towards land, furl their sails within a few yards of the beach, and disappear. Afterwards it has been discovered that there was a secret lake within, separated from the sea by a very narrow strip of land. Across this their vigorous arms, with one united effort, have hauled the prahu, floating it safely in the interior waters. Again, when chased by a large ship, in light breezes, their boats have the advantage, and sail faster than an European; but, in a good breeze, they would be speedily overtaken; in such cases, therefore, the pirate furls all his sheets, trusts to his oars, and rows *against* the wind, when the very circumstance which favored his enemy saves him.

Occasionally the pirates of Borneo, however, are outwitted by their captives. A singular story is told in illustration of this: They made prisoners of a number of Chinese, and carried them up into the interior, to employ them in cultivating their gardens. The Celestials, not at all content to labor for the advantage of others, planned an escape. They were usually shut up at night in some chambers at the end of the great village-house, but opening on the common apartment where seventy or eighty of the young men of the tribe slept. Once, after there had been a revel among the Malays and Dyaks, the Chinese made a hole through the thatch on the roof, and crept out one by one. They then went to the head house of the place, where the trophies of war were kept; this was also a sort of triumphal armory, stored with all kinds of weapons; appropriating as many of these as would serve their purpose, they set off through a path in the woods. Coming upon a small Dyak hamlet, they surprised it, killed two or three of the men, frightened the rest, and took away a quantity of native clothes and bread bamboo hats. [illegible] they disguised themselves; then, launching all the boats of the village, they dropped down the river until dawn, when they concealed themselves in the thick jungle. From their place of concealment they saw, about mid-day, their original captors passing in canoes down towards the sea. They then resolved to stay where they were until the pursuing party returned. Accordingly they kept close, much distressed by hunger, though a few provisions were stealthily obtained from the contiguous plantations and the villages which were scattered near. On the third day, they saw their enemies coming up the stream. They actually moored within a quarter of a mile of the fugitives' retreat. They stayed several hours, but pushed up the river before nightfall.

The Chinese immediately left their hiding place, and rapidly paddled down the river. Though not belonging to a humane nation, they rescued a woman who was floating on the trunk of a tree down the stream, and who said she was a Dyak of Sarawak, escaping from the pirates of Kanowit on the same coast, which Captain Mundy visited in 1847. Ultimately they reached a settlement of their own people near the Rejang River, and were delivered from their danger.

In such craft, however, as I have said, the pirates show themselves superior. Mr. Spencer St. John, the British Commissioner, lately went on a search after some notorious marauders on the northern coast, who had plundered a trading ship. Though he visited the mouth of every river with armed boats, though he was shot at by the pirates, though they came near enough to be parleyed with, not one was seen, and the search was unsuccessful, even though native guides were with the expedition, and native chiefs were assisting it. So perfect is the science of robbery.

But, having followed the adventures of the Borneo pirates, from their haunts to the scenes of their rapine, to their slaughter, their pillages, and their secret murders, we must return with them to their homes. On a certain day all the vessels are appointed a rendezvous. The pirates assemble, and a spot on the coast is indicated where they are to meet again. They usually contrive to reach the entrance of their river before dawn or about dusk, when they may dash in at their utmost speed in the event of a Dutch or English ship lying in wait for them. When they have safely passed the bar, which lies across the mouth of most of those streams, the flotilla is moored; the chiefs come together in council; their followers wait in dusky groups around, speeches are made, and the division of the booty is declared. The greater part belongs, of course, to the cut throats of blue-blood, who can boast of a genealogy of ruffianism—a pedigree traced from a murderer through a murderer down a long course of years,—pirates with patents—assassins whose names are emblazoned with the heraldry of inherited crime. Next comes the king or prince, who has made a loan of money or vessels, or arms for the purposes of the expedition, and who usually gets a large share; then the smaller leaders—the centurions and captains distribute their dividends of plunder; and lastly, the indiscriminate crowd takes each man his pilfered prize, or his share.

This transaction over, the fleet feasts and separates, each tribe going to its own haunt, some through labyrinthine ways in the jungle—where woe to the poor loiterer from another community who comes in their way—and some up different rivers. On reaching their villages they resume their former modes of life, though an interval is usually spent in unlimited riot and debauch, drunkenness, cock-fighting, gambling—the vices of Malays and half-fed Arabs being mingled with those of the original Dyaks, of whom the pirate tribes are in no way a moral race. But from this indolence their natural energy soon induces them to awake; they are active again; cultivation spreads over the valley; gardens are planted; the houses are freshly thatched; the stores of wood are piled; the granaries are filled; the place of tombs is swept and decorated; and new war-boats are constructed, to be launched on the next enterprise of depredation.

And these yearly enterprises of depredation, what is their effect on the largest and richest island of the world? They have made it a desert, instead of the paradise it ought to be. It is more extensive than France, and more beautiful; yet, what an unknown, desolate habitation of barbarians it is? though such it need not be, if Sir James Brooke be permitted to develope his magnificent policy. There are splendid rivers, where formerly an industrious culture had raised upon the banks the nourishment of many thousands of people. Now, they are bare, lonely—mere wildernesses of fruitless vegetation. Black and charred stumps show where villages have been burned; groves of cocoa palms, with the unplucked fruit dropping

* In this sketch I wish in a popular manner, to depict the characteristics of this extraordinary pirate economy, the whole of which I have more copiously described in *The Indian Archipelago: its History and Present State.* (Longman, 1853.)

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. VIII.

Florence, May 12th, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. B——: We left Naples on the 7th, and reached Leghorn on the 9th, having had a most disagreeable and uncomfortable little voyage. There is no travelling by water so utterly miserable to me as that on the Mediterranean—as I have always found a rough sea, in which the clumsily-built Italian steamers roll and flounder about in a porpoise-like way peculiarly horrible. I was scarcely able to keep on my feet five minutes while our boat was under way. During the whole of the second day, however, we lay by at Civita Vecchia—a dull, dirty, unpicturesque, unendurable place. At Leghorn we spent several hours very agreeable—driving about, and looking about—not that there are

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &C.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Pottsville Journal says:—

The Catholic agitation against the Public Schools, in Maryland, has resulted in the passage of a Bill, to a third reading, prohibiting the use of sectarian books in Public Schools, after amending by adding a proviso that this prohibition shall not extend to the Bible.

A similar law will be asked of our Legislature next winter. In the present School Law of the State, the books are under the control of the Directors; and the Protestant Directors have never, to our knowledge, introduced a single sectarian book into the Schools, unless the Bible is called a sectarian book; but in almost every instance where there is a preponderance of Roman Catholic Directors, the books of the Church, particularly the Catechism, are introduced into the Public Schools. We know of one instance in this county, where a Catholic teacher was employed, who threw all the books out of the school introduced by the Directors, and refused to use any other kind than those approved by the Catholic Church, until the Directors notified him that unless the books were removed from the School in one week, he would be instantly dismissed. The books were removed, but the teacher succeeded in exciting the odium of the Catholic population against the Board of Directors. In many districts, timid Directors would have overlooked such movements sooner than encounter the opposition of the Catholic population. As far as we can learn, there are at least eight or ten Schools—Public Schools—in Schuylkill County, where the Catholic Catechism is used by permission of the Directors.

If the above statements of the "Pottsville Journal" be correct, it is a little amusing that while certain of the Roman Catholic clergy have been complaining that the Protestants introduced sectarian books into the Public Schools, their own members have been committing a similar offence. We are decidedly in favor of a law prohibiting the introduction of any sectarian volume into our Public Schools. And, waiving the question whether the Protestant translation of the Bible be a sectarian work, we would ask our Protestant friends, in order to remove the only stumbling block in the way

REPRESENTATIVE ARTICLES.

In the Dublin Exhibition there are, it appears, only two articles from the United States, Colt's revolvers and Hayden's sewing-machine.

Very appropriate. The Americans, as a people, are both peculiarly constructive and peculiarly destructive. Emerson talks of "Representative *Men*"—are not these Representative *Machines*?

LIFE IN PARIS.—A writer in Putnam's Magazine, gives the following as the testimony of one who has lived long enough in Paris really to *know* it.

Any day between three and five o'clock you can see on the Boulevards des Italiens, members of nearly all the Royal families of Europe, the heroes of half-a-dozen different revolutions from as many different countries, Princes, Warriors, Poets, Painters, Sculptors, Statesmen. The other day I saw Colonel Fremont, begging a light from the Hospodar of Wallachia, and neither knew who the other was. This *latency* of distinction, only evoked by a dinner invitation or a court-ball, which Paris affords, makes it so charming a residence to all who bear honors buckled on their back. Here the hero is a hero *only* to his valet de chambre.

If you know the faces of all these great men, you have only the knowledge of the City Directory of a valet de chambre, but you don't *know* Paris. It is well worth knowing. It repays the pains expended on it, for *when you know it*, the gilded corniced saloons, the splendid cafés, the luxuriant restaurants, the charming theatres, lose their powerful attraction; you turn from the thick-rouged skeleton with a longing for the pure air, the beautiful country, the familiar accents of Anglo-Saxon home, Anglo-Saxon purity, Anglo-Saxon virtue, Anglo-Saxon sincerity, and, let me add, Anglo-Saxon liberty.

We commend the above to those who have made the tour of Europe, and come back with the praises of Paris on their lips. Probably they have lived just long enough in that artificial city, not to know it as well as they did before they left America. They have seen the beautiful outside of the Dead Sea fruit, but not pierced or crushed it sufficiently to find that all within was dust and ashes.

Our Correspondents

REBECCA RAWSON.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," by Joseph Banvard, published at Boston in 1851, is a very interesting biographical sketch of *Rebecca Rawson*, which embraces as complete a piece of the *romance of history* as is perhaps to be found anywhere. It would form a fine subject for a novel by Mrs. Southworth, and is as follows:

During the persecution of the Quakers in Plymouth, proceedings of even greater severity were instituted against them in the colony of Massachusetts, of which, at that time, Edward Rawson was Secretary, who took an active part in their trials. His name frequently appears upon the record of that period as the "Persecutor."

Rawson had twelve children, the history of one of whom is so full of romance and tragedy, that it cannot fail to interest the reader; we refer to his daughter Rebecca. She was a talented young lady, of great personal attractions, and a well cultivated mind. One of her contemporaries describes her as "one of the most beautiful, polite and accomplished young ladies in Boston." From the position which her father occupied in the Government, she doubtless moved in the most elevated circles of colonial society.

Among her admirers was a base, unprincipled, deceitful fellow, from England, whose name was Thomas Rumsey, but who passed himself off as Sir Thomas Hale, Jr., nephew to Lord Chief Justice Hale. After an avowal of his passion for the beautiful Rebecca, the mock Sir Thomas ventured to make her proposals of marriage. The young lady, with her other qualities, possessed a good share of "worldly ambition," and regarding the proffer of the young lord as a favorable offer, the acceptance of which would introduce her into the fashionable circles of England, and cherishing also tender sentiments towards him, she had no disposition to refuse his hand. Their marriage was solemnized, July 1, 1679, in the presence of about forty persons. This was only the first act of the drama. After receiving the congratulations of her friends, many of whom thought she had been singularly fortunate in the connection, the young bride bade them farewell, and embarked, with her noble husband and a splendid outfit, for the shores of Old England. What hopes and fears, what visions of fancied bliss and forebodings of dreaded evil, passed over her mind, during her long and tedious voyage, we cannot tell. We only know that in due time she and her handsome outfit safely arrived. Being anxious to step on the soil of the Empire Isle, she made a hasty toilette, and went on shore "en dishabille," in company with her husband. She succeeded, on the second day, in finding a relative, with whom they lodged. Sir Thomas, Jr., knowing that the *dénouement* of his nefarious plot was at hand, arose early in the morning, took the keys belonging to his wife, and departed, telling her that he would send the trunks ashore, so that she might dress for dinner. In the course of the morning the trunks came, but as her husband had the keys, they could not be opened. She was obliged to wait for his return. There is a limit to female patience; in her case, the limit was soon reached. Whether from any part of his conduct on shipboard, or since their landing, her suspicions were awakened, we know not; but after waiting impatiently in vain, till two o'clock, for his return, she determined to open the trunks by force. It was done; when, to her amazement, she found every article of clothing, useful and costly, removed, and the trunks filled with worthless materials! She was overwhelmed with shame, perplexity, and sorrow. Where her husband had gone, or what had become of her wardrobe, it was equally impossible to tell. The relative with whom she stopped took her in his carriage to the house where she and her husband spent the preceding night. She there inquired for Sir Thomas Hale, Jr. "He has not been here for some days," was the reply. "He was surely here night before last," said she. They informed her that she was mistaken; that Sir Thomas Hale, Jr., had not been there, but that Thomas Rumsey came there on the night which she had specified, with a young lady. "Where is he now?" "Gone to his wife, in Canterbury." The abominable wickedness of Rumsey, and the condition of the unfortunate Rebecca were now fully revealed. She had been deceived and betrayed, and all her hopes of future elevation ruined. She awoke from her dream of pleasure and aggrandizement to a full realization of her humiliating position. Instead of being the lawful wife of a man of honor and title, she found she had been sustaining, ignorantly, of course, an illegal connection with a base, licentious fellow, having a wife in England, and who, not satisfied with ruining her, as to her future social prospects, had stripped her of her all, so that she had not even a change of garments. She never saw him again! Being thus robbed and abandoned in a strange land, and having too much spirit to be dependent upon her friends, she threw herself upon her own industry for support. Possessing a good share of natural ingenuity and perseverance, she applied herself so successfully to various kinds of fancy work, that for thirteen years she succeeded in obtaining a "genteel subsistence for herself and child." At the end of this period, she determined to return to her own country. Leaving her child in the care of her sister in England, who had none of her own, she embarked for Jamaica on her way to Boston, in a vessel belonging to her uncle. Her romantic life was here doomed to a tragical end. On the morning of June 9th, 1692, whilst her uncle was on shore, engaged in settling his accounts, and when the vessel was ready to sail to Massachusetts, the island was visited with a tremendous earthquake, which swallowed up the vessel and all on board, among whom was the injured heroine of our story. The uncle was the only one of the ship's company who was saved. Thus terminated the eventful career of the beautiful, accomplished, yet unfortunate, Rebecca Rawson.

Clippings.

☞ Charles Dickens has announced that he is writing, and means to publish, his veritable autobiography. What a book it will be—provided he romance a little!

☞ A traveller in a steamboat, not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of a gentleman who stood next to him, what the boat was called, upon which the latter replied, "I think sir, it is called the Regulator, for I observe all other boats *go by it*."

☞ A MAMMOTH CEDAR.—In Calaveras county, California, is a cedar tree 286 feet high, 92 feet round at the base, with bark 14 inches thick, and tapering elegantly to the top. It is 2,520 years old, and the largest tree in the world.(?) Some of the bark is to be sent to the New York Exhibition.

Miscellaneous.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT IN THE PALACE AT BERLIN.

A most strange incident, which might have led to fatal consequences, occurred, as generally asserted, the other night, at the Palace. Prince and Princess Frederick William of Hesse, in honor of whose marriage the splendid court ball was given on Monday last, had not long dismissed their attendants and retired to rest, after the *fete*, ere they were awakened or startled by the appearance of an individual, who, sword in hand, drew aside the curtains at the foot of their couch, stared for a moment, and then hastily withdrew. The alarm of the young Princess at this apparition, which might have called to mind the legend of the "White Lady," under a new form, may well be conceived; but the Prince, regardless of the hazard of attempting to seize an armed man, evidently of no ordinary daring, sprung to his feet, pursued, and, with the aid of attendants, attracted to the ante-chamber by his calls, arrested and disarmed the intruder. Upon examination, he proved to be one of the so-called *feldjager* corps, of whom there are some 50 or 60, who in time of war are mounted, and serve as confidential messengers attached to head-quarters. At first, the man, who had no duty to perform in the Palace, but had secreted himself in one of the chambers adjacent to that of their highnesses, declined to account for his intrusion; but, on being warned that his offence was most serious, and might amount to a charge of high treason, he declared that his only motive was to seek his own affianced bride, who was employed in the Palace, and who, as he had been told, was to share the Prince's couch, as the Princess occupied another apartment. On being examined by the competent authorities on the following day, he persisted in his statement, adding that he intended no harm to the Prince and Princess, and that he would not have committed the offence had he not been deceived. As nothing but the most extravagant hallucination could have urged the man to an act of folly so dangerous to himself and others, he has been treated as a lunatic, and will be retained in durance, most probably, until the medical men can answer for his sanity.—*Berlin Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

TABLE MOVEMENTS.—This subject has been presented to the French Academy by M. Seguin. It has, however, found no favor with the veteran philosopher, M. Arago, the perpetual Secretary of the Academy, as will be seen from the following statements made by him at the sitting of that body on the 2nd of May last:

"After communicating, as was his duty, the note of M. Seguin, M. Arago referred to some old experiments of M. Ellicot, a clock-maker, which are printed in the Philosophical Transactions, which are explanatory of these table movements. The phenomenon, which is most extraordinary and difficult of explanation, consists of the fact that the infinitely small impulses, so to speak, communicated by the fingers to the wood composing the table, eventually result in producing very considerable motion. Thus, says M. Arago, in the experiments of M. Ellicot, two clocks, with pendulums attached, in separate cases, were suspended from a long wooden strip or bar affixed to the wall, and at the distance of two English feet from each other. The first of these clocks was set going alone, the second remaining quiet. After a certain time had elapsed, the second clock was found to be in motion by means of the imperceptible vibrations transmitted from the first clock through the medium of the solid particles of the bodies on which the two machines rested. Besides this, a very singular circumstance was noted, that after a certain time the second pendulum, which was originally left at rest, was swinging over the widest arc its construction would admit—the first, which was originally set in motion, had come to a state of rest.

"The Secretary remarked that he did not propose to enlarge upon the consequences which may be, and really are, drawn from the facts here referred to, his object being only to show that we are already, and have long since been, in possession of a knowledge of the communication of analogous movements to those presented recently by the table-tippings, and an explanation of which does not need a recourse to any mysterious influences."

WATER THROUGH LEAD PIPES.—We are frequently told of the deleterious effect upon the system, of water which passes through a lead pipe, but only occasionally are we made sensible of the extent of the danger. Several days ago, a gentleman living a few miles out of the city, caught a couple of trout, and placed them in a trough, the water of which was supplied through a lead pipe, intending to keep them there. In less than three hours they were both dead. Suspicious of the reason of this sudden death, he determined to make another trial, and placed in the trough another trout. The same result followed in less time, and he made a third experiment. The result was still the same, and he considers it a settled fact that a trout, a native of the pure, sparkling stream, cannot live in a lead impregnated water. If such water is poisonous enough to kill fishes, it cannot be without its destructive effects upon the human system.—*Manchester (New Hampshire) Democrat.*

WOMAN IN MAN'S ATTIRE.—In commenting upon a case of the above character, Mrs. Swisshelm truly says:—

"There appears to be a public sympathy in favor of such *clever* tricks, and almost every week gives some report of a disguised woman righting the wrongs of her sex in a similar manner. To us it appears about as honorable as eaves dropping, or reading other people's confidential letters without their knowledge. Nature has placed a barrier between the sexes, and they ought not to feel the same freedom in presence of the other that they would with persons of their own sex. So that a woman living amongst men *must* hear and see much not intended for any woman's ears, and gain information, the possession of which could never be atoned for, to herself, by money. Nothing but a last resort to escape from some imprisonment which must result in loss of life or virtue could justify the assumption of such disguise. The mere desire to make money is no apology for such a step,

LAWYERS AND LAWYERS' FEES.

[We ought to have published the following hit at the lawyers, when it originally appeared in the Daily Register, of this city, some time since, but we overlooked it. Better late than never, however.]

We not only respect lawyers, but have a lively admiration for them. Who ever heard of one of them taking a fee in an unjust cause? or doing a hard-hearted thing? or saying what he did not believe? or encouraging litigation? or misrepresenting evidence to the jury? or brow beating a modest witness? or saving a villain by a legal public quibble? De Tocqueville rightly says they are the aristocracy, that is, the best men of the United States. Our own admiration of them is founded on a large experience of their virtues. Let us call up, for a moment, from our pleasantest memories of the past, the images of a few lawyers of our own acquaintance.

There is our friend at Columbus, Mississippi, who never varies from his scale of charges, even for friends. We sent him once for collection a bill of nine dollars against a subscriber. He collected it the same day and sent us, by return mail, his own bill for a fee of fifteen dollars, with a polite dun for the unpaid balance of six. We remitted instanter, thanking him for his promptness.

Then, there is the eminent counsellor, at Lake Providence, who charged us two hundred dollars on a bill of exchange for two thousand, which had been paid on presentation. We remonstrated, and he consoled us for not having collected, through a bank, by the assurance, that if professional etiquette did not forbid, he would certainly reduce his original charge, which he was kind enough to admit was rather too heavy.

A still better man was a Texas lawyer,

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

General News.

AIR LINE RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

One of the lines projected through Illinois, designed to carry the trade of the North-West to Philadelphia, is a railroad extending West from Fort Wayne through Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. This "air line" as it is denominated, is very near the line of the South Pass and Platte River, and is therefore in the general direction of the overland California emigration. Companies have been formed in three States, and surveys have already been commenced. Col. Samuel R. Curtis has been offered the post of Chief Engineer.

The Fort Wayne (Indiana) Sentinel, of recent date, thus speaks of this work:

WESTERN AIR LINE, AND FORT WAYNE AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROADS.—It may not perhaps be generally known that we are in the direct route of an almost air line road from the Eastern cities to the Pacific, viz.: the South Pass; but such is nevertheless the fact. Arrangements are already in progress for its construction as far West as the mouth of the Platte, up the valley of which stream is the great route for the overland travel to California, being an almost due West course to the South Pass. Whenever the Pacific Railroad shall be constructed the line running through Fort Wayne will be its direct Eastern connection with the Atlantic cities.

To the East, our Ohio and Indiana Railroad, leading directly to Philadelphia, is already in a state of great forwardness, and will be completed by the close of the present year. To New York by this route is shorter by 60 or 70 miles than by any other road. From Fort Wayne west, the Fort Wayne and Mississippi railroad to the Illinois Line and the Western Air-line thence to the Mississippi at New Boston, are now being surveyed, and will probably be placed under contract during the present season. This line is a perfect air line, due West without curves, and no grade exceeding 25 feet to the mile, from Fort Wayne to the Mississippi, a distance of 305 miles. A meeting is called at Wapello, Iowa, for the purpose of extending this road to the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Platte, in a direct West course from New Boston; and here there can be no doubt the Pacific Railroad will commence, running still due West to the South Pass. This whole line, from Philadelphia to the South Pass, is an almost air line, running its entire length between the parallels of 51 to 42 deg. North latitude, and crossing and intersecting with the innumerable North and South roads in the several States, which will thus become feeders and tributaries to this main East and West trunk. The distances of the route are—

New York to Philadelphia,	90 miles.
Philadelphia to Fort Wayne,	667
Fort Wayne to Illinois Line,	123
Illinois Line to New Boston,	182
New Boston to Platte River,	240
Mouth of Platte to the Pacific,	1,800
New York to the Pacific,	3,102

FOREIGN NEWS.—The most important news brought by the Africa, is the capture of Nankin by the insurgent Chinese,—the inhabitants of Chang Choo and Shanghai had totally deserted those towns, in expectation of an attack.

It is stated that the despatch in question advises a state of extreme consternation throughout the whole North of China, that all business at the ports, except Canton, was at a stand still.

The slaughter, in small engagements, was great, and no produce of any kind coming down, the canal communication being closed.

In confirmation of these accounts, received by Messrs. Walter, it is reported here that all teas were withdrawn from the London market, on the day of steamer Africa's sailing.

THE TURKISH AND RUSSIAN DIFFICULTY.—This matter was occupying almost exclusively the attention of the public mind in England.—The accounts are still extremely conflicting.—The Russians seem determined to occupy, if they have not already occupied, the Danubian Provinces, which France declares she will regard as a violation of treaty stipulations.

England has not taken any decided steps, so far as has transpired.

The latest accounts say that Russia accepts the mediation of Austria.

A despatch in the London Times of Saturday, dated Constantinople, June 9th, announces the arrival of the Czar's *last* ultimatum, insisting upon the unconditional acceptance of the demands previously made on Turkey by Prince Menschikoff. There was every probability that the Porte would persist in its refusal.

The British fleet left Malta for the Bay of Besika on the 8th.

The Russian squadron had left Sebastopol for the Circassian coast.

The Porte's promised concessions in favor of the Christians, is to appear in the form of an order to the Patriarchs of the two Churches.

Ex-President Van Buren, and many other Americans, attended the last Ball given by the Queen.

The prosecution against Hale, the rocket manufacturer, has been quashed by Lord Palmerston, on Hale's petition.

A resolution for the repeal of the duties on soap, was agreed to in the House of Commons on the 17th.

Lord Palmerston stated that 206 grave-yards had been closed within the limits of London, and the remainder would be closed as soon as possible.

Lord Dudley Stuart has on the order book a notice of a motion to have laid before the House a Treaty, signed in 1849, relating to the Danube Principalities, and known as the Treaty of Balta Liman. An order has also been recorded, calling for information respecting the demands of Russia on Persia.

Various rumors were circulated on the Exchange, during the week, that the Russians were to enter the Danube Principalities on the 25th.

The good offices of Austria on the Turkish question have been accepted by Russia, notwithstanding the doubts expressed in some quarters, of the accuracy of the statement of Austria being considered too much under the influence of Russia to act as an impartial mediator.

The London Standard and Sun seem to regard it as true, and assume that a pacific termination will be made, in faith of which some large transactions have already taken place.

The King and Queen of Hanover came to London to stand as sponsors to Queen Victoria's child.

Hon. Rev. A. P. Percival, the Queen's chaplain, had committed suicide.

In the House of Commons, Lord Beaumont called attention to the State Law of South Carolina, in respect to colored seamen, (British subjects) and moved for the correspondence which has taken place between England and the United States on the subject. The motion was agreed to.

Louis Napoleon had warned the Italian Refugees not to encourage an insurrection in Italy; as Austria would immediately occupy their country.

Eugene Sue, it is said, will soon return to Paris, by permission of the Government.

Victor Hugo is now in the East, and about to take up his residence in Portugal.

A violent agitation has taken place at Milan, in consequence of another appeal by Mazzini to the army, having appeared. To be prepared for what may happen, the Austrian Government has ordered the concentration of a large force at Gallarete, between Milan and Arona, not far from the Piedmontese frontier. Numerous arrests and seizures of arms have been made.

It is confidently said that Radetsky has been empowered to adjust the differences between Austria and Switzerland.

A REPUBLICAN WAITER.—We clip the following patent claim from the *Scientific American*:—

SELF-WAITING DINING TABLES.—By Lea Persey, of Patterson, Pa. I claim a self-waiting table, constructed and arranged as described, viz.: having an endless band situated beneath the table, and kept in constant motion during meals, by any power applied through the crank or other means, to which a band is firmly attached at convenient distances apart, guiding carriers, &c., which pass up through, and are supported by small railway trucks, &c., and move in guiding apertures in the top of the table, and upon the tops of which are placed waiters, whereon dishes are put and constantly conveyed around, before the guests on both sides of the table, in combination with the said endless band conveyers.

I also claim an additional shelf or second table, over the central portion of the table, above the waiters, for the purpose of holding castors, &c., which do not require to be frequently moved or replaced, as set forth.

RELIGION AMONG THE SLAVES.—Mr. Brooks, editor of the "New York Express," in one of his letters from Georgia, mentions the following facts:

"In Savannah, in three Baptist Churches and one Methodist, there are 2,990 colored persons, one-half of whom are slaves. The pastor of one of the Baptist Churches is a slave, and the other two are free colored persons. These Churches contribute liberally for foreign and domestic missions, for the home poor, &c. At the Georgia Baptist Association, held in Warren County last September, *five slave preachers were present, and voted upon all questions presented for consideration*. In South Carolina there are more than forty thousand slaves who are church members; and in the entire South the Baptist and Methodist Churches already have 264,000 slave members."

THE AMERICAN COMPLAINT AGAINST GREECE.—Mr. King's affair has entered another phase. The twelve or fifteen thousand drachms which were required as an indemnification for the piece of ground taken from him for public purposes, was granted at once.

Mr. Marsh's second demand, that the sentence of Areopogus, condemning Mr. King to a fortnight's imprisonment, be annulled, has been refused.

The two U. S. frigates which were expected, had not arrived on the 27th of May.

INDEMNITY FOR FILIBUSTER RIOTS.—Those Spanish subjects at New Orleans whose property was destroyed by the Cuban filibuster party, at the time the news was received of the execution of Crittenden and others, leaders of the buccaniers, have been indemnified by the Government. The awards were made to ten or twelve different individuals, in sums varying from $600 to $23,000; and in the aggregate amounted to $50,856.

NEWS ITEMS.

We notice, in a published list, that the prices of provisions and marketing in Boston, are from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less than they are in Philadelphia, and considerably less than in any other of the Northern cities.

A little girl named Maria Wilkins, was stung to death by hornets, near Fort Ancient, Ohio, on Sunday week. Her brothers were throwing stones at the nest, and ran away, while she became a victim to the infuriated insects.

Statistical tables show that for two years past St Louis has been falling back as a grain and provision market, while at the same time Chicago has been improving as a grain market. The great advantages to St. Louis of river navigation to the Gulf, are being fast counterbalanced by the improved and cheapened transportation from Chicago to New York, via the Lakes.

SMOKING IN THE CARS.—An important railway question was recently decided in England. The Edinburgh and Glasgow Company were sued by a passenger, who held a yearly ticket, for damage sustained by him from the danger of fire and the injuries to his feelings, in consequence of the non-enforcement of the rule against smoking. The decision was, that the Company were liable, in every case of smoking, to the infliction of a penalty of 40 shillings, and they were fined accordingly.

Wool growing is making some progress in Virginia, and the farmers and planters of the old Dominion are paying considerable attention to the subject. We find in a late number of the Richmond Dispatch a notice of some samples of Virginia grown Saxony and Merino wool, which the editor of that paper pronounces as worth, in any market, the former 80 to 95 cents per pound, and the latter 60 cents. It has been found by experience to be one of the most profitable pursuits to engage in, and the business is steadily increasing throughout the whole Piedmont region.

The New York Legislature having passed a law in 1848, exempting the property of the wife from being taken for her husband's debts contracted before marriage, have now equalized the law by passing an act exempting the property of the husband from the debts of the wife which may have been contracted before marriage.

RESTRICTING THE SALE.—The Police Court of Kemper County, Miss., have raised the license fee for drinking saloons to $1,000. One of the two establishments of the kind in DeKalb has already been closed, and the other will share the same fate in August.

The examination into the circumstances connected with the Montreal riots continues to progress. It appears probable that the order to fire was given to the troops by some unknown and irresponsible person, who escaped detection, owing to the crowd and confusion.

OLD ANCESTRY.—There is now living in Shrewsbury, York County, Pa., a son of Mr. George McAbee, whose father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather are all on the stage of action.

SPEED.—A fast train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, when near Greenburg, lately, it is said, ran ten miles in seven and a half minutes, which is at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

A young colored man, named James P. Barnett, who was recently refused admission to the lectures before the College of Physicians and Surgeons, having applied to Judge Rosevelt for a mandamus, giving or restoring to him all the privileges of a white student, his Honor decides that the admission or exclusion of applicants is a matter which rests solely with the Trustees, or, on appeal, to the Regent of the University.

The storekeepers of Lancaster City are resolving to close their stores in the evening, during the Summer months.

A Swedish artist, Carleman, has made a new discovery, so said, which he calls photochromography, by means of which he takes from 300 to 400 copies per day, of objects in all their natural colors.

The Christians in Turkey are said to be daily increasing in wealth, power, knowledge and enterprise, and, in the fullness of appointed time, it is not unlikely that they will supercede the Turks as the dominant race.

A new Seidlitz powder, in one paper, is now used, and found to be as useful as any. It is composed of one part of bicarbonate of soda, and two parts of bitartrate of soda. Half a teaspoonful is dissolved in spring water.

An editor in Paris, who had published an article, evincing a certain degree of attachment to Henri V., and confident that all would yet come right, has received a warning for expressing a "culpable and anti-national hope."

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—A Frenchman, M. Herbert, has recently exhibited some curious experiments, by which plants are made to blow instantaneously. The means used, was a chemical mixture with which he watered the geraniums, which immediately began to open their buds, and in ten minutes the plants were in full bloom. With a rose-tree he was, however, less successful.

THE FLYING SHIP.—M. Petin, one of the most intrepid aeronauts of Paris, has gone to New Orleans, where he has positively succeeded in obtaining subscriptions to the amount of 500,000, or £20,000 sterling, for the construction of a huge flying machine, with which he has engaged to travel from New York to Paris in 36 hours.

The total value of India rubber goods manufactured in the United States, is estimated at ten millions annually, and nearly the whole trade has sprung up since 1844.

LOOK OUT, GIRLS.—At the State Fair to be held at Pittsburg, in September next, there will be a premium offered to girls under twenty-one years of age, (and we never saw one beyond that yet,) of a silver cup for the best ten pounds of butter, and for the second best a pair of silver butter knives. For the best five pounds of butter, a set of silver teaspoons, and for the second best, a silver cup.

NOVEL PLAGUE.—Fleas are said to abound to an extraordinary extent in the Western corner of Chartiers township, Alleghany county, over a space of some three miles, filling the houses, and almost driving the inhabitants distracted. Some have succeeded in driving them away, by whitewashing everywhere about their dwellings, stables, &c., and strewing lime plentifully about—but others are still suffering from this plague.

A memorial has been circulated in Charleston, S. C., to prevent colored persons from riding about the streets in a carriage or on horseback. The papers deprecate the movement as being unjust and oppressive, and inconsistent with the usages of the city, whose pride and boast is that the slaves are comfortable and happy, and the free colored persons subject to no restrictions save such as are necessary to a wholesome police.

MORE HOME MANUFACTURES.—Nine Pottawattamie Indian warriors have arrived at Louisville, en route to the Crystal Palace Fair.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—Nathan Holmes, Jr., aged 22 years, died in Plymouth, Mass., a few days ago, from bleeding at the gums, in consequence of the extraction of a tooth, two years since.

Charles Kean has brought out Byron's Sardanapalus at the Princess's Theatre, with Layard's Nineveh illustrations, making quite a unique entertainment.

A coroner's inquest, in London, upon the bodies of persons killed by the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat plying on the Thames, had resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the Government Surveyor or Inspector, for not having made a proper inspection of the boat.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.—We learn from the N. O. Picayune, that the entire cost of the St. Charles Hotel, was $598,320 13. This includes taxes, interest on bonds, insurance, &c. The cost of the building alone was $424,445 73. The present debt of the Company is $281,000 in seven per cent. bonds. The house has been leased until 1859, at $12,500 for the remainder of this year, $30,000 for 1855, and $40,000 per annum for the succeeding four years. The annual rent of the basement stores is estimated at $16,000.

IRON CARS.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal says that an establishment has just been opened near Harlem, N. Y., for the manufacture of railroad cars wholly of iron. The builders are said to be men of capital and enterprise, and have already orders for all the cars they can construct.

MRS. STOWE IN PARIS.—A letter from Paris says:—"Mrs. Stowe has been in Paris about ten days. She seems to be travelling *incognito*, for with the exception of one or two extremely small and exclusively American soirees for her, she has met with little or no attention. I do not think that a hundred people are aware of her presence in Paris."

THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN SHIP-RACE.—American ship President Fillmore, Capt. Pendleton, from Bordeaux to this port, was last evening reported below in the river. This is the ship between which and the French clipper ship Benjamin a race was started from Bordeaux here. Large bets are pending in Bordeaux on the result. The Benjamin is not yet reported; consequently the President Fillmore has won the race.—*N. O. Pic., June 25th.*

THE LAST FILLIBUSTERS.—The New Orleans Courier says that the two "suspicious vessels armed to the teeth," which the telegraph reported a day or two ago as having left the mouth of the river, turn out to be a couple of pleasure boats in which some citizens of Plaquemina were making an excursion.

George Gates, under sentence to be hung at Ottawa, Ill., on the 28th inst., recently replied to a clergyman, who conversed with him about preparing for death, that he was engaged in writing a history of his life, which would keep him so busy, that he hardly thought he could spare the time to complete it, and also to make desired preparation for that grave event.

St. Louis continues to exhibit evidences of continued prosperity. As an illustration of its growth, and of the confidence of the inhabitants in its future progress, it is stated that warehouses in business parts of the town rent for from twenty-five hundred to seven thousand dollars per annum. Similar dwellings to those that lease in Baltimore for four or five hundred dollars per annum, rent for double that sum in St. Louis.

In several of the northern counties of Ohio the foliage of the forest trees has been in certain districts, so generally devoured, that most of the limbs are entirely stripped of their leaves, by a brown bug, which flies at dusk and settles upon them. It is about an inch long, and a quarter of an inch in width across its back.

The Flowage Bill has been defeated in the Connecticut Legislature. It provided that private property might be taken by mill-owners, on the assessment of three commissioners for the purpose of flowing it in cases where dams are raised or built.

KOSSUTH.—An application was lately made to Kossuth to know if he would accept an invitation to visit Sheffield, to be presented with a testimonial. In his reply he says: "It is no affectation on my part, but under present circumstances, I can pledge myself to nothing, *not even to being in England*. If affairs were to be tranquil, if circumstances permit me, I should feel honored to visit Sheffield as suggested."

The journals of St. Johns characterize the arming of the American fishing vessels as acts of piracy.

Selected Poetry.

OH, NO, I'M NOT OLD.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Oh, no, I'm not old; though the step of elasticity
Is not as it was in the days of romping;
With silvery rime, my head may be sprinkled,
And wide and deep furrows are quietly resting
On my brow; just to tell that long years have been there

Oh, no, I'm not old; though my footsteps are growing
More feeble and slow, and my laugh is less gay,
And the sun on my cheek hath long since ceased its glowing,
And my eyes grow more dim, and my strength less every

Though the rose from my lip and my cheek has departed,
On the face of my first-born its roseing full-blown,
And I feel when I see her so kind and so honored,
It is reverse for life it was on my own.

Oh, no, I'm not old: Time hath never oppress'd me,
Though he filched for my Mary the brown of my hair,
And the glasses of her eye, as, last now, she caress'd me
Showed the light of my own was but lingering there.

I have given my strength to my boys who are
Their ball with fleet limbs on the hill-side to-day,
And their light prating laugh to my ear hath a melody,
As my own used to have in the sunshine of May.

Oh, no, I'm not old—though I've lost all my graces,
My vigor and strength, for he will and no will,
To these loved ones of mine, who must soon take their places
And go forth to fight in the battle of life.

But oh, if unblemished they go forth to duty,
True, fearless and free, and with spirits bold, unbroken and brave,
My spirit will dwell in a temple of beauty,
More brilliant by far than my youth ever gave.

Oh, no, I'm not old; though the frame is decaying,
The sun don't whither a still beauteous morning,
And I trust while on earth his in-let to be staying,
That virtue and love will its freshness prolong.

The beauty of nature, its bud and its blossom,
The song of the bird and the music's deep power,
Are as sweet to my eye, and as thrilling my bosom
As they were in my youth—my appreciation's the same.

Oh, no, I'm not old, 'tis not wrinkles nor furrows,
Or the number of years that should shroud us in gloom,
But the blighting of hope and life's trials and woes
Which weather the heart till it longs for the tomb.

Dark passion or wrong hath my spirit never pressed
In the cradle at home there is no turmoil rest,
My life with stillness flows on—I am not old,
Why should I be old and bow down in despair?

But eternal gain, peace and shame hold in sorrow
Our loved one of mine—then my pulse would throw cold,
My spirit no longer now upwards with gladness,
Oh, then I'd be weary, and weep, wail and sad.

Selected Articles.

GOLD UNDER GILT.

Mr. Emerson, in his essay upon "The Conservative," relates a legend of the Friar Bernard, in illustration of the truth that the best virtues are to be found in all conditions of society. If the story were merely an apologue with the moral, it has lately become a fact, which we are glad to record.

This is the tradition.

"The father Bernard lamented, in his cell on Mount Cenis, the sickness of mankind, and rising one morning before day from his bed of rushes and dry leaves, he gnawed his roots and berries, drank of the spring, and set out on foot to go to Rome to reform the corruption of mankind. On his way he encountered many travellers, who greeted him courteously, and the cabins of the peasants and the castles of the lords supplied his fare with food. He came to Rome, his piety and good will nearly introduced him to many families of the rich, and on the first day he saw and talked with gentle mothers with their babes at their breasts, who told him how much better they fared since their children knew they were perplexed in their daily wait that they should fall in their duty to them.

"What" he said, 'and this on rich embroidered carpets, on marble floors, with cunning sculpture, and carved wood, and the rings jingling, and piles of books about you?'—Look at our playthings and books,' they said, 'and we will tell you, good Father, how we spent the last evening. These are stories of godly children and holy families, and romantic sacrifices made in old or in recent times, by great and not mean persons; and last evening our parents were collected, and our husbands and brothers discouraged sadly as what we could save and give in the hard times.' Then came in the men, and they said, 'What cheer, brother? Does thy cousin need more gifts?' Then the Friar Bernard told his home and his with me?' The child looked up to his face; the golden curls fell in the wicked to her shoulders, and her deep-blue eyes met his, as she answered: 'God gave me no dear home.'

The tone was simple as the words, and the misery on its way inhabited by God, for in the next the sounds seemed as if wafted from a far-off land. 'Where is your home, my child?' he said—no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy—was cast on the beautiful face of the lord of many lands in the house'" and every heart within it swelled with pride and love for the child of God.

Kitty still calls my dairy trip into town "going downtown," as when we lived "upstairs." The folks who live in the city are familiar with her in the library, and, as naturally, in the parlors of her friends, where she will leave there the brightness of her blue eyes into mind, and said: "Do you get time to say your prayers now-a-days, papa?" "Yes, Kitty, all by myself." "Why, my dear?" said I. "Oh dear, it's all gone now" she replied; "but I do think you have been very early, for you always made the sky look so beautiful when the night was all gone."

In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, I used to visit a venerable Virginia gentleman of the old school, whose house was the seat of a genial hospitality and refined opulence; and whose family circle was delightful to enter. I never saw a more perfect picture of domestic happiness.

It was Mr. P——'s custom to call his little grand-son to his side nothing and evening, and hear him recite passages of scripture, and the effects of the joke for some weeks. Pupil of the Simple prayers appropriate to laying in bed, and rising, the good old man carefully endeavored to instruct him the Lord's prayer: he was very much successful in one of his explanations. "Give us this day our daily bread," then little Willie looked up, his eye sparkling with mischief and delight, and replied, "Oh, grandpa, *put some butter on it!*" Even his gravity of my inattentive friend, losing the control.

I heard a family story recited in religious observance—evening prayer, grace before meat, etc. On a recent absence of the parents, grandma—she was the nurse of the children—presided at the tea-table. Observing the silence, Mary Ann, a servant, said, "Grandma, don't you think I can say grace." Permission being given, little Mary put her hands together, closed her eyes, and said, "Oh, we are all very grateful and grateful, we are all very grateful for everything."

"Now I let me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
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Knickerbocker.

Rachel Chilberson—Willingboro, contrary to general belief, was born a Quaker child in Tennessee, he was weakly when young, not passing ten years at Angora, chiefly on a sofa, playing with a pet dog. He remembered his precious master with no pleasure, and seldom referred to it. "His real life began in India, where his body regained by that genial sun, and the exercise of command called forth every dormant capability of the General and the Statesman. The flesh-brush and iced water—long his sole beverage—are said to have been the main instruments for preserving health afterwards.

Wit and Humor.

THE "GREEN HORNS."

A PARODY.

FROM THE CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENT OF THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE.

The Green-horn eats corn down, like the wolf on the fold,
To the land that were said to be teeming with gold,
Like the locust he comes in the season of corn,
Finished bright o'er our gulches, our cannon, our bars.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host in the month of October was seen;
Like the sands of the desert when showers beat with blows,
That host in December was scattered and strown.

For the "Land of the Storm" spread his wings on the blast,
And the cold of his bidding, came sudden and fast,
And the waters were raised till each creek was a flood,
And the rivers went up on account of the mud.

And then lay the tools they had bought upon trust,
Each wash-pan and cradle and all common stock fixed;
Each man on his claim-stake and shovel rushed up in his shirt,
His left grave empty, his money all spent.

And the victims themselves were quite loud in their wail,
And the merchant who sold upon credit turned pale,
And those who prayed hardest for rain at the first,
Were now by their actions most bitterly cursed.

In vain they prospected each dreary ravine,
In vain they explored where no white men had been,

The richer they finally expected to clap,
Like the will o' the wisp they still waded for gap.

And some of the Green-horns remained upon flat,
And removed the ranch in desperate plight;
While those who were wise, struck for higher ground,
Confessed they were done most confoundedly beaten.

AN ECCENTRIC MINISTER.

A correspondent of Fraser's Magazine tells the following of a minister at Sunderland:

"What's the child's name?' Come, quick," was one of the quaint questions.

"Lucy, sir," haltingly.

"Lucifer!" he exclaimed: "the great Devil! Name—George—after good King George—George I.—"

"Lucifer, master," interposed the father, imploringly; "it's a wench."

"Well, then, Elizabeth—after good Queen Bess—Elizabeth, I baptize thee," and he finished the ceremony.

Then, in a somewhat unlikely manner, reading the burial service, and had arrived at the passage, 'I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me,' when his eyes fell upon a sweep, who was standing his from a side wall: his thoughts were evidently taken from the Church channel, his voice maintained its even tenor as he continued, "Knock that little black imp off the wall."

Occasionally, after he had despatched the marriage service for some thirty couples, a party of young men might be seen making up to the vestry door, and, after some hesitating talk, bribing a variety of emotions, but all in a proof. Amount similar to that of Mark Antony over Dr. Caius, who were each of them on the point of marrying "a great lubberly boy."

"Name, sir?" the ruler, might be heard at the same time—"I've gotten the wrong woman." "Is not to it wrong him?" "Well, well, my lads," was the invariable reply, in the genuine Manchester vernacular, "mon it is whom—mon it is whom," (right it at home.)

Effect of High Faces.—High prices are the ruin of the poor man's family and household. When mutton is 8 cents a pound, the pound weight consumes of 16 ounces. Advance the price to 16 cents, and the pound weight is reduced to 12 or 13 ounces. Put up the price of tobacco and the consumer will chew it fine. Put up the price of boots and shoes and the poor man will mend them; he will not be an honest cigar maker in the city. Rope yarn would take the place of hair in the mattress. Flour at high prices would be mixed with potatoes, not to Hessianize the army. Rags would be used for paper before, have a moral as well as monetary effect on people. If you would have a miller go to work, never waver above the price of 4 or 5 above an dollars a barrel. The moment it gets above that, he gets above his business sense, and commences working in "prepared chalk" and plaster of Paris. Again, we say, if you would have the poor fed, clothed and housed, cheap, full barrel, and low prices. Old Fortune-teller Adam Smith was right in his theory, and yet the speculation fever, which seized the pork market during the past year, has given his work the lie direct. Low prices and "hard times" are now even that it will not stop in its descent until it brings up in the counting-room of Belshazzar.

Mrs. Partington and the Grasshopper Man.—Why, certainly, making hands with Enriquez, is the Dock square omnibus, as he held out his free hand to the grasshopper man. "Sir," said he, "I said he, in reply to her inquiry. "Well, I'm glad of it, and how are the folks at home?" "Sir," said the grasshopper man, "I have no home and live with me?" The child looked up to his face; the golden curls fell in the wicked to her shoulders, and her deep-blue eyes met his, as she answered: "God gave me no dear home."

The tone was simple as the words, and the misery on its way inhabited by God, for in the next the sounds seemed as if wafted from a far-off land. 'Where is your home, my child?' he said—no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy—was cast on the beautiful face of the lord of many lands in the house'" and every heart within it swelled with pride and love for the child of God.

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Country Scenes.

PLEASURES OF DAGUERREOTYPING RURAL SCENES.

THE OPERATOR HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN FOCUSSING A VIEW TO HIS COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

Miscellaneous.

THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

The annual review of the cadets at West Point, by the Board of Examiners, commenced on the 1st ult. We have received a list of the graduates. The life of a cadet at West Point is one of hard study, under rigid discipline, so that but few who enter graduate. Following is the correspondent of the *New York Herald*:

"He stands in the barracks, in a room with one another, at five o'clock in the morning, in summer, and at half-past five in winter, the reveille beat. At six o'clock the morning gun, when up his blankets and mattress, and places them on the head of his bed—then rolls—he does until seven o'clock; at that hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and marched off by the music, to the mess-room in the time usually spent at breakfast. Guard mounting takes place at half past seven, and twenty-four are placed on guard every day. At eight o'clock the bugle sounds and the recitations commence. At one o'clock the bugle again sounds; the processors dismiss their respective classes, and the cadets form mess-open-ole the barracks and march to dinner. Between eleven and one, a part of the cadets are accustomed similar to that of Mark Antony over Dr. Caius, who were each of them on the point of marrying "a great lubberly boy."

At one time in his military, says his biography, the cadet studies infantry and light artillery. On the next Sabbath he related the following dream, which led the drained effect of morning dress in their places. He dreamed that a spirit from the other world appeared to him, and informed him that there was singing enough in heaven, but none in hell; and that one of the most essential distinctions between angels and fallen spirits is this, that the former delight in singing, while the latter have the imitation to engage in this heavenly employment.

The angels continued the spirit) were all dressed in fine fashion; but in process of time a part of them became tired of employing their faculties in singing the songs of heaven. When these were urged to take out fiddles and go into the service of God, they said they had no encouragement to sing, or other words, to pay. They would not trust the Lord to reward them, but were paid by their fellow-servants. The Almighty, therefore, prepared them a different place and name.

Jacobs, said Mr. Howe, and lay musing on the subject for some time, and then fell asleep. My daughter turned to my former lesson, which I had appointed to me, and their conversation was audible. At length, one of them stood before the throne, and dreamed that he had a commission to go to the people of Hopkinton. The angels (observed the interpreter), are all dead. I went down to the outer gate and knock for admission. Whereupon Gabriel opened the gate and said, "What is your business?" "Nothing," I replied. "Nothing!" "Yes." "Go and sing for nothing, then!" "I will sing for nothing, replied they, "but never more!" "Why?" "He that pretends his hand to the plough," answered Gabriel, "looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God; you cannot be admitted here." "We would have sung, if there had been anything encouraging." "Those who have not sung on earth," returned the angel, "should not sing in heaven. You can't be admitted here." Depart, depart!" Upon this, the gulf opened and swallowed them up. Then I awoke, said Mr. Howe, and thought it was a dream; but the thing was serious, and the application impressive.

IS IT RAPTURE—IS IT WOE?

Heart, my heart, why throbbest it thus so?
Is it rapturous—is it woe?
Is it joy—is it pain—is it love—is it hate—
All I can say is this,
All I can say is that
Not for worlds would I bring
That which is now throbbing my heart!
Heart, my heart, why throbbest it thus so?
Is it rapturous—is it woe?